

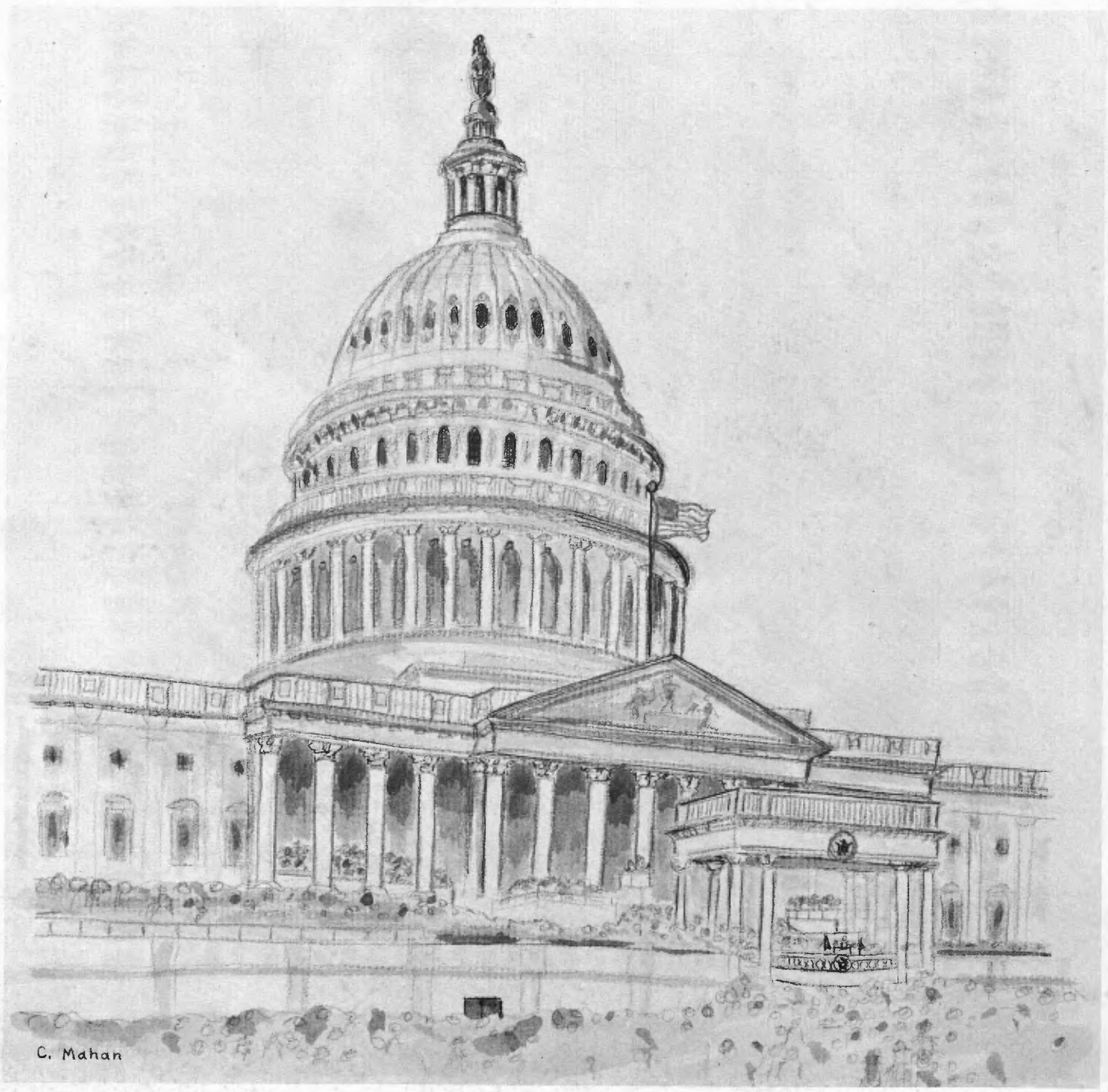
FEBRUARY 1969
VOL. 17, NO. 5



GALE

FIFTY
CENTS

CADET MAGAZINE OF THE U.S.C.G. ACADEMY



C. Mahan

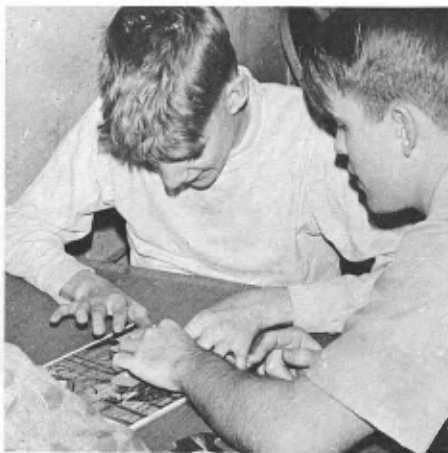
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THE HOWLING GALE

CADET MAGAZINE OF
THE USCG ACADEMY

VOLUME 17, NO. 5
FEBRUARY 1969

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and the

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“THE HOWLING GALE”

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An Editorial:

While the Cadet Corps marched in Washington and Americans everywhere watched the proceedings on their television sets, a sinister movement was underfoot. The aim of this much publicized activity was directed toward the generation of a protest against "the existence of the new administration." The organization behind this undertaking was the Students for Violent Non-Action (SVNA) who, for some reason not made clear, felt that it was their calling to register disapproval of the Inaugural events. The exact nature of this protest was intriguing. Just as President Nixon concluded his oath of office with the words, "so help me God," SVNA adherents all over the country made a concerted effort to flush every toilet in the nation. The average toilet takes about eleven seconds to complete its flushing cycle—allowing for late flushings, the entire demonstration was over in a matter of minutes. Now the usual question asked after any such registration of protest is: What did it accomplish? In this case a more logical question might well be: What was it all about in the first place? Is it hardly fair to condemn anything for simply existing, before it has had an opportunity to demonstrate its ability? The group involved would probably argue that their protest was one of principle rather than reason, and the nature of that protest seems to substantiate this, at least insofar as the scarcity of reason is concerned. As to what it proved—probably its major accomplishments were the simultaneous testing of the nation's plumbing efficacy and its reserve watershed.

As the Administration and most Americans settled down for the business at hand and prepared to grapple with the problems ahead, there were no doubt congratulatory meetings held by the SVNA to commend all of its members for their performance. Indeed the flushing of a toilet is an accomplishment worthy of note. A letter has probably been drafted and sent to Washington complete with an estimate of the number of toilets flushed and the participants involved—along with other details of this brilliantly executed maneuver. Perhaps now that all the backslapping is over, the SVNA is settling down to more pressing problems—once again a meeting of the minds is being held to plot and project the SVNA's next attack on the establishment. And that establishment had best tremble—any organization which possesses the combined intellectual and creative talents to organize a national toilet flush is capable of anything.

So now the nation's collegiate world is in a kind of limbo—anxiously awaiting the next directive from the SVNA.

Indeed membership applications to this elite group of protesters have risen markedly. A prime qualification for the prospective member is this: a toilet plunger is placed flush with the ear and depressed. It is then released. If the plunger does not draw air and release itself then membership is automatically refused. One might wonder what these budding activists do in between their exertions on behalf of national policy. Certainly they can't be studying the issues at hand and formulating constructive opinion and criticism. Such endeavor usually manifests itself in meaningful evolutions of thought which appeal both to reason and the intellect. The flushing of a toilet does neither. It might also be asked—what will happen to this microcosm of collegiate malcontents when their halcyon toilet flushing days are over? By taking part in this noble activity they have demonstrated the approximate development of their mentality. The demand for such products is limited in today's rapidly advancing technical society. What is needed are thoughtful, law respecting and abiding citizens, who direct their criticism in meaningful and, in the long run, more productive channels.

One finds it difficult to contemplate the psychological upheaval which would come about if the government ever had the audacity to require an SVNA member to serve in the armed forces. Indeed there are undoubtedly members who would consider such a proposition as a prostitution of their constitutional rights (which are incidentally protected by that very service.) The pressing of a toilet plunger is no doubt more satisfying to the SVNA than would be the pulling of a trigger and the dangers involved less—unless of course the toilet overflows in a locked water closet. No doubt the Flush for Freedom (as termed by its creators) was considered a huge success. A success, yes, in terms of the total number of toilets flushed. But what about in terms of a positive contribution? The lone GI in Viet Nam doesn't have a toilet to flush but he is doing more toward the building and maintaining of American freedom than could an infinitive of freedom flushers.

If in the future another flush is organized—be it a flush for power, a flush for privilege, or what have you—let's make it accomplish something worthwhile. Let all flushing be accomplished by the prospective demonstrator first immersing himself in the bowl and then pulling the handle. The nation's sewage system would no doubt prove itself adequate to contain the added refuse of warped mentalities and misdirected efforts.

E.J. Beder

The \$500 wand that solved a \$35,000 problem.

The girls handling miniature diodes at the Western Electric plant in Reading, Pa. couldn't load them into soldering machines without bending at least some of the delicate leads.

Studying the problem, we learned that it would be possible to design a machine to do the job—for about \$35,000. But it would still bend some leads. So we tried again and came up with a device we called the magnetic wand. About 16 inches long and made of plastic, the wand was slotted along most of its length, with magnets fitted into the end of each slot.

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could pick up 36 diodes at one time. Since she didn't handle the diodes individually, she bent very few. And she could work so much more efficiently using the magnetic wand that we had to redesign our soldering machine to keep up with her.

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The moral is that, even in today's sophisticated electronic technology, a simple solution is sometimes best.



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Letters to the Editors:

An open letter to cadets:

It is said, "Clothes make the man." "Not true" is the indignant reaction. But I say it is true. Many a young man, clean shaven and freshly clipped, can be a knock-out in a cadet uniform. Many a girl falls all over herself for the uniform. They're proud to be seen with escorts in blues. You, in turn, walk straighter, use your better set of manners, and generally live up to what is expected of you. Uniforms can do wonders.

But what happens when you're off base and relaxing in civies? It's amazing what weird shirts and baggy pants come out of those zipper satchels. A reaction to the uniform, maybe—but more likely just poor basic planning of what to wear to make yourselves look your best. You can lose a lot of luster that way.

The importance of your civilian clothes is their indication of your attitude toward yourself and those you are in contact with on the outside. A cadet off base who jumps into a T-shirt and shapeless sweater to take a date out is not just relaxing—he's losing something vital. He's showing that he really doesn't care for the girl unless she's a mess too. (I'm not writing about that couple. They're a lost cause.) His attitude gears down and he's ready to spend a pretty grimy evening. You're laughing. Great, you say. You can hardly wait. Not really. It doesn't turn out to be so great in the long run. The girls who first knew you neat and nifty still want you that way.

So check up on yourselves, men. Are your civies in style? Are they co-ordinated color-wise? Do they fit you—or somebody else? And when you wear them do you feel comfortable but still confident that you have a certain sharpness—or could you be mistaken for a Wesleyan man?

All right, I was wrong. Clothes don't make the man. But clothes are a sign of what he's made of. Let's look a little classier beyond the twenty mile limit and prove that you are really what you appear to be in uniform—neat guys.

(signed) An observer from
the outside



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EYE ON SPORTS

By Bill Bowen

Since the creation of Roland Fieldhouse, Academy sports have taken a big swing toward the positive. The top level of the five story structure has added a new dimension to the Academy track program. The all-weather tartan track has made possible the year's long dream of an Academy Indoor Track Team. With four dual meets and the Second Annual Coast Guard Relays being held here, the Field House is fast becoming an important New England Track Center. When the Basketball team isn't using the 2250 capacity Gymnasium, the Wrestling Team is. The Gym is the home court for ten basketball games, eight wrestling meets, including the nationally famous Coast Guard Wrestling Invitational. Every year, scores of the nations outstanding collegiate wrestlers from such top name schools as West Point, Yale, Harvard, Oklahoma, and Navy to name a few, struggle through two days of grueling matches to decide the winners of this double elimination tournament.

This year the Academy played host to the National Gymnastics Clinic with master teachers from all parts of the country attending. Armando Verga, Rusty Mitchell, Ernestine Carter, Dale Clements Flanaase, and World Trampoline Champion Gary Erwin all Olympians and all coaches were among the distinguished teaching staff on hand to provide instruction to the 2,000 participants in the clinic. Although the Gymnastics team usually uses Billard Hall for its practice sessions, Roland Hall was chosen as the center for the two day affair. The top deck was fitted out with thousands of dollars of equipment for the workshop and clinic sessions. The gymnasium was the headquarters for the final exhibition following the clinic.

Roland Hall is also the center for Physical Education classes at the Academy and is the Home of the Winter Inter-company Sports program. The all-purpose recreation area is also used for Informals, Mixers, Family night activities for Officers, Enlisted Men and their dependents, Winter Drill Competition, not to mention Christmas parties, Indoor practice areas for the tennis teams and baseball teams. The many uses of Roland Hall seem to destine it as one of the major New England sports centers.



TED COLBURN IN FLIGHT

D Company

The ushering in of the new make brings to the helm of D Co. P.J. Prokop with Danny Ryan as second in command. The new platoon commanders are Rich Losea, J.D. Garrison, and Drew Gerfin.

On the I.C. sports circuit the handball and JV basketball teams are tied for first place in their leagues. The volleyball and ping pong teams are holding their own in really tough, competitive leagues. The varsity basketball team has yet to get to the top of the pack but they are still in there fighting.

E Company

After leading the Second Battalion through the streets of Washington, Bob Acker turned over command to Howie Waters, keeping battalion leadership within the Company. Bob took over the position of Company Commander, and Pete Aalberg became his exec.

The company really scored in the honors lists, with more than its share on all three lists. With the volleyball team led by Paul Bodenhofer leading the way in winter I. C. Sports, with plans for a strong Spring season, and with Echo's reputation for winning drills, it looks like this company will take company competition with no trouble this spring!

F Company

Greetings Sport Fans, from "Top Dog" Company. Yes, Foxtrot Company is number one in Intercompany Competition. With the return from Washington, a new Regimental make goes into effect. Riding herd on number one is Buzz Billingsley as Company C.O. Leopard Wenzel takes the reins of the number two position. Adding strength to the company posse is the return of Wayne Gronlund from riding shotgun over the regiment during the last make.

The Foxtrot Warriors are faring well on the Intercompany Sports battlefield. The tall warriors of the B-Ball team are consistent winners, and the volleyball team, while off to a slow start, shows signs of an uprising.

With the coming of the great day of February 22, the prospect of unmilitary cadet chiefs (firsties in civies) riding off into the sunset in their gleaming horseless carriages, looms upon the horizon.

Stay tuned for the next issue of thrill packed drama, when we'll bring you; "Why didn't I buy stock in an oil well?" or "I should have stayed on the reservation."

G Company

Hotel Company greets the new year under the command of Tim Cenna ably assisted by Don Grosse. Although pre-Christmas I.C. sports left something to be desired the company is looking forward to a strong comeback in 1969 with the help of points gained for academic excellence. Congratulations are in order for Dave Blomberg and his staff, who step down after leading the company down Pennsylvania Avenue.

H Company

As we head down the home stretch, the boys of G Co. are making a run at the spring competition laurels. Russ Askey's volleyball team and John Baker's gloved wonders are currently holding down first place in the I.C. circuit along with Jeff Cotter's B-Ball wizards marking a run at top honors of the junior circuit.

With the results of the fall competition, Golf Company has plenty to be proud of by placing twenty men on the Dean's list, seventeen on Comm's list and eight on the Superintendent's List. As the third setup goes into effect, Zip passes the ball and popcorn popper off to Porky, and we're all looking forward to things to come.

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"KIRBY WORKS THE HORSE"

WINTER SPORTS AT A GLANCE

The Wrestling team, off to another good start, took down UMass, U.R.I., and Wesleyan before dropping a 25-8 decision to highly-touted New York Maritime. Led by Jimmy Hull, Taz Mills and Mike Neal, the Matmen saw a ten meet winning streak, dating back to mid-season last year, snapped as only Jim Hull and Jim Marthaler could muster victories over the well-balanced Maritime team.

The competition of late has been touch for Cadet cagers. Before embarking on their Mid-West run trip, the Cadets had mustered victories over two opponents, New York Maritime and Danbury State. They suffered losses to Wesleyan, Merchant Marine, Army, and Amherst. In the opening game of their Mid-West trip, the cagers lost a close overtime decision to Illinois Tech, then rebounded the next night to take another close one, this one against Lake Forest, 69-67. They closed out the trip with a 98-45 defeat at the Hanos of Northern Illinois. The season is not over, however, and the B-Boys can look for continued and enthusiastic Cadet support in their remaining games.

The swimming team is also having its early season problems. Having beaten New York Maritime in its first outing the Mermen absorbed losses from Central Connecticut, R.P.I. and Wesleyan.

The Indoor Track Team gets its season officially under way on January 18 with a dual meet against Central Connecticut State College in Roland field house. In the K. of C. meet in Boston on January

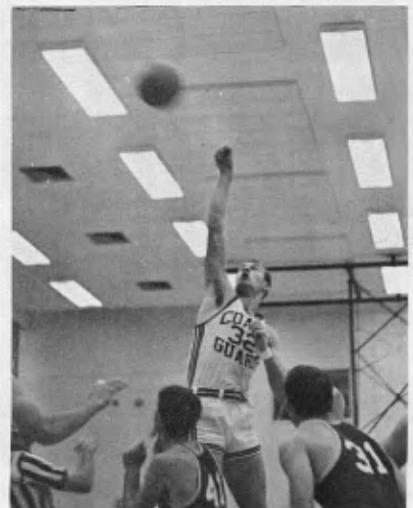
11, Greg Magee came within one-tenth of a second of the world's record in the 45-yard hurdles with a 5.5 second clocking. The existing world record of 5.4 seconds was equalled by Willie Davenport, the winner of the event. Leon Hall and Vic Coleman finished just ahead of Magee. Davenport, Hall, and Coleman were all members of this past year's Olympic team.

In Gymnastics action, the Cadets lost their first match of the season to unbeaten Montclair State College 119.63-104.48. The loss came after the squad had beaten Yale and Lowell in a tri-meet. Co-Capt's Pete Aalberg and Dave Anderson were the only Cadet winners each taking a first in their specialties, Aalberg on the Rings and Anderson on the Side Horse.



("B-BALL ACTION")

One bright spot in the basketball season so far has been the career scoring mark set by Dave Dubois against Amherst this year. A three year Varsity veteran, Dave has been plagued by special defenses used by the opposition for well over two years. Two years ago, as a third classman, Dave was hampered by injuries and his point production that year suffered. But now, having passed the 1100 point mark, with ten games to go, it seems probable that Dave will easily pass the 1200 mark and possibly the 1300 mark before the season closes.



Seaside

CADETS

and

the KIDS

J. Q. Neas '70

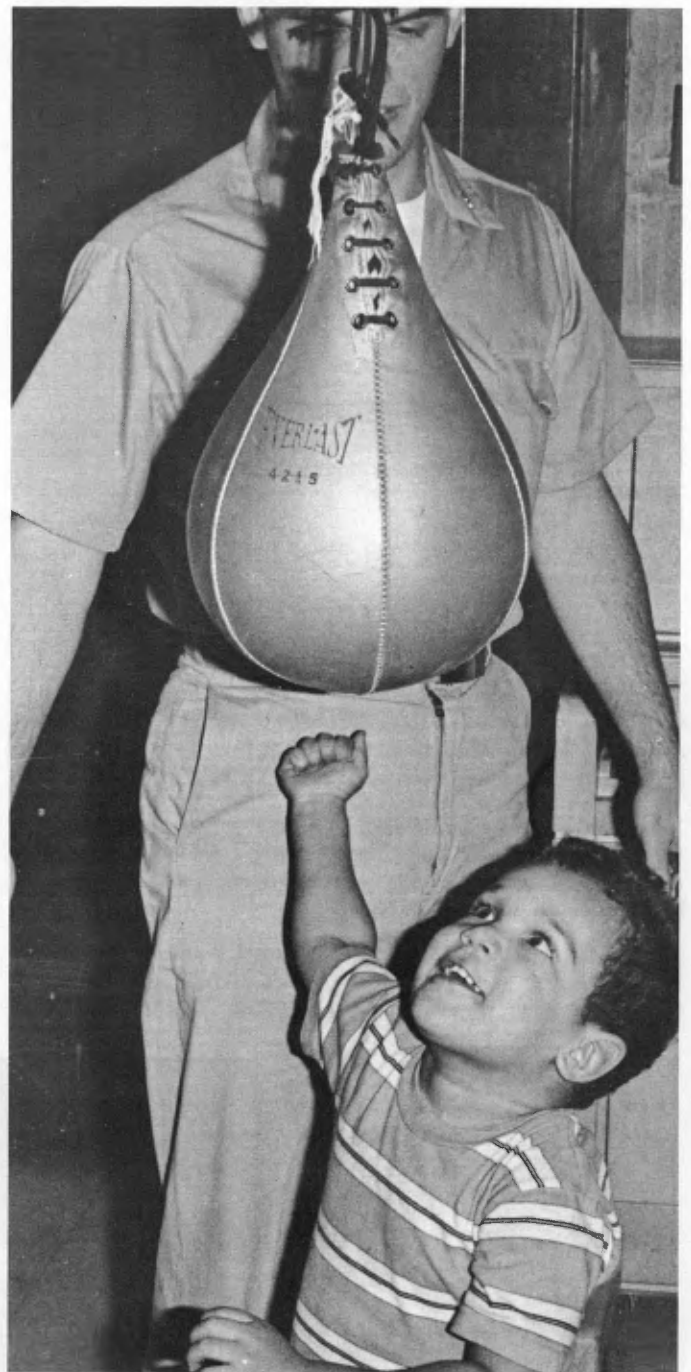
The original idea for Seaside came about through discussions I had with the Chaplain in the beginning of the year. Initially I went down to discuss the foster parent plan, but in the course of the conversation, we began to speculate on some other program that would enable cadets to participate in an activity leading to personal involvement rather than remote control. The idea was a totally new concept for us. As cadets, we are inclined to exist in a very closed academy environment. The thought of a community action project never occurred to me.

I brought the idea up at a class meeting to sound out over-all reaction. Class meetings are always somewhat chaotic and disorganized, so I really had very little to determine the true response. However, guys kept coming up to me throughout the next week, expressing their interest in the project. Encouraged by the largely positive response, we contacted the directors of Seaside, and they sent members of the staff to explain the operation of the center and the ways in which we could help.

We learned that Seaside is a state-supported regional center for the care of emotionally and mentally disturbed children. It is operated by a professional staff with many of its programs augmented by volunteer help. Up until our entry into volunteer work, there were almost no men among the volunteers, so the staff at Seaside was doubly eager for our participation. We found that we would be involved in three basic activities; hobbies, sports, and one to one worker-child relationships.

Throughout the development of the program, the Academy Administration was in favor of our involvement and approved

Having seen Seaside, we became a little surer of our commitment. All classes became involved. A loose, spontaneous organization materialized, headed by two firsties, George Flanagan and Bob Gravino. A week passed, and we were ready for our first working trip to Seaside. We divided



into three groups to cover the weekend and chose our individual activities. We began by working during liberty hours with hopes of expanding to weekday afternoons with the consent of the Administration.

The first trip was spent generally romping and getting acquainted with the kids. A lot of us were afraid that our lack of experience might slow the progress already made by trained workers, but the staff at Seaside assured us that a fresh approach like ours would be good for the children. The children themselves, dispelled any further doubts we may have had.

They weren't all that "different" to us. They loved to play, and to have found new friends. Even the most withdrawn child had at least one good buddy before the night was out. There



A Pictorial Editorial:

"War is Hell"—so spoke William Tecumseh Sherman, one of the Civil War's great generals. These young protestors were photographed while they marched in an anti-inaugural parade in Washington, D.C. Their banner and chants voiced a sentiment similar to the general's; however, there is one important difference—Sherman spoke from experience, while our students seem to be expressing a kind of general indignation towards their government's efforts to protect a people's freedom, and at the same time bring American fighting men home.

Sherman did not say he was sorry he had fought, or that the cause was not worth the lives lost. No doubt about it, War's carnage is a hell of sorts, but often the alternatives to fighting for one's beliefs are worse. The loss of our basic

freedoms—choice, speech, even the freedom to march with a sign—would transform life into an inferno of stifled individuality and regimented effort. It is vogue for today's students to march in protest and equally stylish is the generation of slogans. Nowadays the students of Prague are particularly active in this respect. While American SDS members jaunted merrily along Pennsylvania Avenue, their Czech counterparts were risking their lives to brazenly paint "Ruskie Go Home" on the side of a Soviet tank. This contrast is easily explained: the American all too often takes freedom for granted; the Czech is just now beginning to suffer the trauma of its withdrawal. The Czechoslovakian experience provides an example of the realities of current history which America's growing population of misty minded, disaffected youth might do well to ponder.

—Beder

Coming Up In The HOWLING GALE :

A Report On The Cadet Mess

The Men At Conn College

Comment By A Former Cadet

Cadet Life By The Howling Gale Artists

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again when you feel their touch as they hold your hand walking back to their rooms. Perhaps the greatest, yet most demanding reward, is the hope you hear in their voices when they ask if you'll be back next week. You think maybe you've given a child a little something extra to look forward to. You hope you've brightened their day a little in return for the enrichment they've given you.

The Seaside program is growing. To help with Christmas at Seaside, the Corps gave almost four hundred dollars for radios, record players, and other equipment. Whenever you work at Seaside you wish you could do more-maybe we will.



were all kinds of kids there, mentally retarded or emotionally disturbed to varying degrees, yet we left that night thinking we had somehow reached them all.

On the bus back to the Academy we thought of the weekends we'd spent doing nothing when we could have been doing something immensely worthwhile at Seaside. Many felt like kicking themselves.

It's hard to explain the feeling you get working at Seaside. Your reward comes in the joy you see in the children's faces when you meet them up in their rooms. You are rewarded



grades were good enough to make honors nearly every semester, and he had been offered a partial scholarship to RPI. It was about the same time, in the fall of his senior year, that Chuck heard about the Coast Guard Academy. It was a good engineering school and his education was paid for by Uncle Sam. Chuck's Dad encouraged him to apply because he would be getting his service time in as an officer. Chuck was not overly excited, but applied because it wouldn't do any harm.

Chuck was further encouraged about the Academy when he came to New London and talked to the basketball coach. Chuck was good in basketball, good enough to make all-conference. The idea of being able to play varsity ball as a freshmen appealed to him. Besides basketball, Chuck had gone out for cross country and tennis, but he had gotten a job and was forced to stick just with basketball.

Chuck worked after school as a busboy at the Square Store and had saved enough money to buy a '65 Mustang. He enjoyed the car very much, and was now somewhat despondent over the fact that he would not be able to take his car to "college," with him. He had not decided whether to sell it or not, so his parents were keeping it in the garage. Chuck was also going to miss Ernie's, Vinnies, and other hangouts where the "gang" got together on Friday nights. Chuck felt he was lucky to live in New York where the drinking age was eighteen, and dreaded Connecticut's Blue Laws. Though Chuck had just turned eighteen, he had never had any problem getting served even as a sophomore because of his older appearance, plus the fact he had changed the date on his driver's license. He didn't consider changing the license wrong because he had always been careful about his drinking. Besides, most everyone his age was doing it, and the bartenders never seemed to mind even when they knew someone was underage.

Chuck has always been "in" with what was happening. As senior class president he had once staged a walkout in the school when the school administration had usurped the power of the student council to form their own dress code. The walkout was a success, the demands were met, and Chuck was acclaimed a hero by his schoolmates.

But now Chuck had to give up all these things, his car and the times at Ernie's with his friends, in order to start a new and different experience. Chuck had become Cadet Charles Johnson 4/c and he was scared.

The Academy came as a big shock to Chuck. His first experience with the barber, the uniforms, the marching, the "yes-sir, no-sir," and military indoctrination was totally alien, but they kept him so busy that he didn't have time to think about what lay ahead.

The summer passed and classes began. Chuck had a rough start academically, but settled down and finished the semester with a 3.20, good enough to make honors. He was anxious to go home at Christmas to see his friends, drive his car, and visit the hangouts. It was after Chuck came back that the trouble started. Leave had only stirred up his old anxieties and he became irritable when he got back.

The second semester seemed boring, and he hated taking the same courses again. He found no purpose in such things as reveille, formations, and prescribed uniforms; they completely took away any individual responsibility. Sundays proved unbearable. He had never attended church regularly in high

school, and felt that church at the Academy, besides being to early, was only a social gesture to the outside, showing the military man as a religious individual. He had gotten the students a voice in their dress code in high school and considered doing something about church next year when he wasn't a "swab."

Chuck missed his car a lot and thought about bringing it to New London next summer if he could get a place to keep it. He reminded himself to start checking for garages. But what Chuck missed the most were the times at Ernie's. Not that he wanted to get drunk, but that it was somewhere to go, a chance to meet people and get away from being a "military stiff," a chance to relax in a friendly atmosphere. Since the Academy did not furnish Cadets any facility for that purpose, Chuck had to go into town. He'd changed his driver's license one, and he did not feel guilty about doing it again. It was either that or spend Saturday nights at Campus Pizza.

Chuck still looked older than he was, and had fabulous success with the license. His attitude changed, he was always brooding or moody, but he found he could go through the week if he had the weekend to look forward to with somewhere to go. Basketball was beginning and Chuck found a lot of his time taken so he didn't use the license much and put it away. He had almost forgotten about it when one day Chuck's Company commander found his wallet in the head. In checking to see whose it was he discovered the false driver's license in it.

Chuck was charged with a Class One for deceit and was told to appear before the Executive board the following Thursday. It happened so fast that Chuck was astonished and was wondering what he had done wrong when the executive board met to hear his case. Chuck's academic record was first presented to the Board, then the license was entered into evidence and the "regs" were cited. Though he could present his case freely it mattered little at all. The "regs" were in black and white, and Chuck's actions had violated them. Some of the Board members were interested enough to ask why and Chuck gave his only defense. He considered the changing of his driver's license as acceptable within the generation. The act was not like cheating or stealing, where one's actions would hurt someone else. He charged that his license hurt only himself and should not be placed in the same category as cheating or stealing.

Chuck's argument fell on deaf ears, however, and the Board required Chuck to resign. He decided not to appeal, and left the next week. What is Chuck Johnson doing now? Well, he is back home in Babylon, Long Island working so that he can have enough money to go to C.W. Post in the Fall. As for his pastimes, he is still driving his car, and enjoys meeting the gang down at Ernie's.

Two hypothetical cases, miles and times apart, have the sounds of a common thought—wherein lies the actual truth, the real justice? Man's thinking, and consequently his environment changes constantly. To remain abreast of the problems of a fluctuating world requires some rather flexible guidelines. You may scoff and say this reasoning condones the gradual collapse of our living standards. Yet would you say the world is less just or reasonable now that 300 years ago? Men

HONOR

AND THE CONDUCT SYSTEM

J.B. Clark '70.

D.R. Moore '70

Editors' note:

In this article two cadets who have been closely involved in the topics of honor and the conduct system evaluate what honor means in an Academy environment. We have no "honor system" here at the C. G. Academy, no book of specific offenses and rigid penalties, but still within the Corps there is sometimes a desire to see things in black and white, right or wrong in sharp absolutes. Honor itself is an uncompromising entity, and we here at the Academy expect and indeed demand that all Cadets live by that highest sense of honor. Yet honor, in the grey areas, is largely a personal, intuitive matter hence we have no codified honor system, only, "We are men of honor, men of honor neither lie, cheat, steal nor attempt to deceive." In this grey area, honor, even in honorable men, must be learned. Unfortunately, in the world outside these walls today, honor is narrowly construed, and the concepts of honor in these grey areas are often times not clearly understood by young Cadets. It is within the province of the conduct system to deal with these problems in addition to handling the lack and white military offenses ("late for formation," "untidy in dress," etc.). The perfect solution to the near impossible demands made on the conduct system may never be reached. We hope you'll read this article carefully and thoughtfully—and think about honor and the conduct system after you've put down this HOWLING GALE.

G. G. Kolk

WILLIAM GOODFELLOW was a young man engaged in the honorable process of becoming a most honorable man of the sea—he was a cadet at the Revenue Cutter Service Academy.

Now Will had an outstanding background as a man of much talent, whether it be with the women of the world or boats he was handling. Will's father had also been a man of the sea, and his heavy hand of advice had oftentimes been an influencing factor for him. Will's father had left him a guide to live by, and though this guide had been a tough one to follow, young Will had an impressive record to show for his efforts. A noted man of his word, he never failed to slice the good from the bad, and adhere to the former.

The summer of '83 had brought its usual cruise and Will's endeavors had placed him in command of seven youngsters following the schooling of the sea. As is the course of any summer cruise undertaken by some wild and misguided ruffians, certain administrative matters came to pass.

It seems that Jones, one of Will's fledglings, had borrowed a musket from the ship's armory with the intent and purpose of killing a fox which had come to plague his father's farm. Jones' father was much too poor to afford the luxury of a weapon, but the loss of half his poultry made him more than willing to accept his son's services.

Will had had high hopes for Jones, the one recruit in whom he could place his trust and promise.

Jones had returned the musket and had even replaced the powder and shot. But Will could not understand why Jones had not approached him. On questioning him, Will found that the indigent condition of the family was more than Jones could hope to benefit with his earnings as a cadet. Unless his father had been saved, not only Jones' career but the well-being of his family would be lost. Will, being a man of fair

and honest judgement, chose to save the career of Jones, and had him confined to the ship for the remainder of the summer. Jones acknowledged his error and was thankful for the chance to start anew.

It wasn't long before the captain caught wind of all this, and, though he knew Will to be a most understanding officer candidate and knew that Will had complete charge of the seven recruits, such a compromise could not be tolerated. The captain raged long and furiously at Will, accusing him of everything from scandalous conduct to harboring a criminal. He saw no other choice than to bring just punishment to bear. Will was tried and found guilty of condoning a theft, and thereby qualifying his actions as those unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. The captain pointed out that he appreciated Will's record, but a compromise of standards is an indication of pending failure. The rules and regulations had been initiated as a guideline to combat this failure. Any attempt to disregard them was an outright renunciation of the tenets of an officer.

Will could see his wrong in the captain's eyes, but the heart of what he thought would make a good officer had taken his future as a officer just the same. With confused standards and shaken principles, Will left the only world he really knew and wanted. A bitter man; no doubt, but under the existing environment, a man justly tried and punished.

CHARLEY JOHNSON viewed his appointment to the U.S. Coast Guard Academy with considerable apprehension, and he had good cause in doing so. It meant giving up a lot to become a cadet in the class of '73. Charley, or Chuck as he liked to be called, lived in Babylon, Long Island, and had just graduated from high school where he had taken an active part in school affairs. He was a popular kid, president of his senior class. His

INAUGURATION 1969



"IN STEP AND LOOKING GREAT!"

—INAUGURAL EDITORIAL—

January 20th was a big day for the nation and the Corps of Cadets. Inauguration '69 and the Regiment was there along with the other Service Academies. These photos don't tell a story or follow any orderly sequence — they are rather an attempt to capture some of the varied moods and attitudes of the Cadets who took part in the Washington operation.

THE EDITORS

were slain as witches for being left-handed then—and society accepted that as a reasonable practice! Smoking by women was considered an unthinkable moral crime and yet that is hardly the mainstay of our attitude toward that practice today. The point is obvious: man makes his rules for his conditions and since the latter are hardly invariant, so must the former be. Not that honor itself changes; but rather, the ways of honorable men change in relation to the fluid society of generations.

The regulations by which we cadets pattern our daily lives and hopefully our future are presently undergoing such a patterned advancement. The days of cut and dried, black and white situations will soon give way to more intuitive applications. Men shall still be subject to rules, as without them we have no guides, but defining and justifying them must be done with respect to the environment they serve. The goal is not to soften the realm of military life, that of cadet training or concepts of honor, but that of the education of young men to the point where honest and just appraisals of their working world will give them a genuine knowledge of the very life they must accept and sustain. Regulations cognizant of today's attitudes and environment will make the search for the true meaning of honor easier and of more applicable significance.

J.B. Clarke '70
D.R. Moore '70

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HOWLING GALE wishes to express its appreciation to Julie Young and the people at Tele-Trip for their hospitality on Inauguration Day. Their generosity made the parade coverage possible.



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"LIFE IN BARRACKS 10"



"MOTHER WILL BE WATCHING"



"LAST MINUTE PREP"

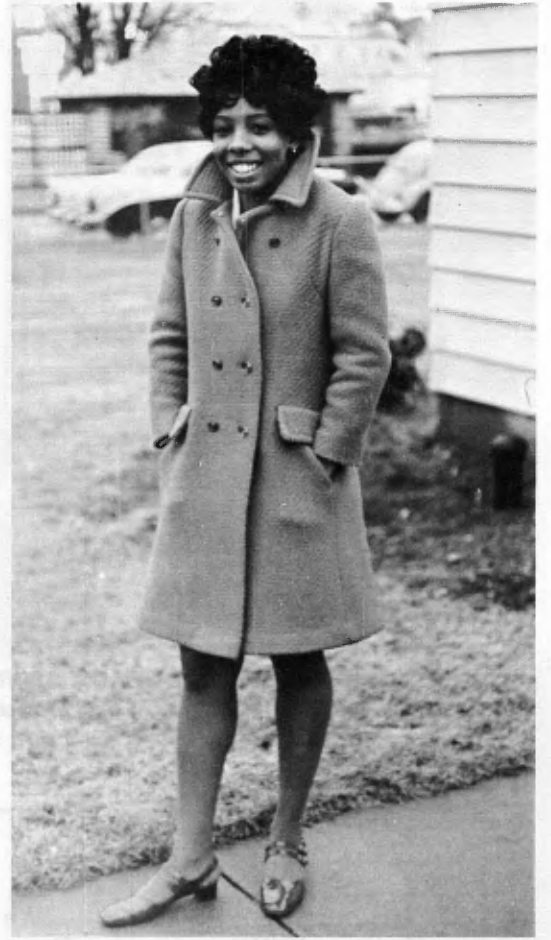


"RIDE BACK"

[PHOTOS BY BUCK]



M
A
R
Y



Girl of the Month



This month the Howling Gale has chosen lovely Miss Mary Noble as Girl of the Month.

Miss Noble, who is twenty-one years of age, is a local resident of New London and is now attending South Hampton College on Long Island where she is majoring in Sociology. She will graduate this June.

When Mary gets a chance to break away from her studies, she can often be found out enjoying a simple walk with nature, or relaxing at her piano. Sometimes she may even be found playing a hand of cards, usually with one certain cadet.

Mary is also an avid admirer of sports. Her enthusiasm is well put to use as she is one of the most spirited cheerleaders at South Hampton.

The staff of the Howling Gale and the Corps of Cadets salute Mary, and wish her the best of luck and happiness all the rest of her life.



Boetig After Dark

NEW YORK - A Fun City?

Whether the title of this article is true or not depends entirely on the individual. It is my general impression that non-residents of the city, cadets in particular have an unfavorable attitude of New York as a recreational watering spot. It is the cultural center of the United States because normal weekend activity is often channeled into different areas. But it should be recognized that New York has more to offer than "42nd Street" and the Time's Square Motor Inn. Rather, it exemplifies the age of specialization. Do you have a date whom you would like to impress or is she just a drinking companion? Do you have money to spend or is your wallet as light as ever? If you don't have a date, there are places where you can find one or, if you so desire, occupy your mind with other pursuits. What you want to do, how much of it, and at what expense must be decided beforehand. This rule is not meant to confine you; it merely gets you going in the right direction. The sought after ability to adapt to a changing situation can always be employed if you find that extra special person, or if you find that she isn't very special at all.

What if your girl from back home is not particularly enthused about traveling all the way to New London to see you (you can not imagine why)? She will be in New York, so you decide to meet her there. It is always preferable to have the use of a car in the city because, contrary to popular belief, it is not very difficult to find free parking after 7:00 p.m. An exception to this is the "Theater District" which is the area adjacent to Broadway from 34th St. to 56th St. Here it may be worth your while to park in one of the many garages or lots for about \$1.50 an hour. Never park in violation of a city ordinance because your vehicle may be towed away by the police. Never leave it unlocked either, because it may be towed away—but not by the police.

But she has arrived by train, your car is inoperative and the question of where to go and how to get there still persists. The subway and bus systems will bring you to your destination eventually, but may prove complicated to the beginner. The fare, along with the amount of comfort afforded, is minimal. The thundering subway, however, may prove to be a new and intoxicating adventure for the young lady. Use care, for the novelty wears off quickly. In Manhattan travel by cab is recommended over other public means with rates similar to New London's. The New York cabbie is an expert in the art of city driving and will speed you on your way as fast as possible. Don't ever tell him to "step on it" or worry about him talking your ear off like they do in the movies. Most cabbies don't speak English anymore.

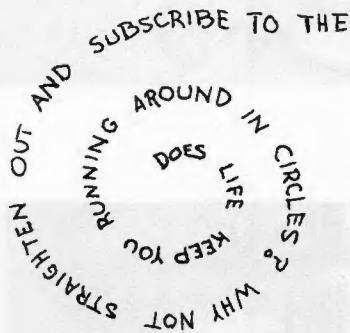
Manhattan's nocturnal activities can be grouped in three general areas: The Village, The Upper East Side, and The Theater District. Extreme caution should be applied in the last where cover charges, the size of which will make your monthly allowance look like lunch money, are the rule. If she becomes impressed with the names of the famous night clubs, point out that they are more for the older crowd or that reservations are required, which is usually the case. When you want to let her know that you are the last of the big time spenders, take in a good play. *Man of La Mancha* and *The Great White Hope* are excellent. *Hair* is also very good, but if she insists that her ancestors came off the Mayflower and acts accordingly, it is not recommended. Tickets range from six to fifteen dollars apiece and, with few exceptions, must be bought in advance. A very pleasant place to go after a show that is within walking distance is "Jimmy Ryan's" on Broadway at 56th. It's a fine place to discuss the relative merits of the performance or to plan one's next move. The beer is good and not too expensive.

(Continued on page 26)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS HOWLING GALE? He is a seeker of truth and knowledge. Enlightened by the works of Plato, Confucius, Freud, Descarte, and Hefner, he reaches out for a higher degree of wisdom. In fact the readers of Howling Gale have purchased more than 270,000 comic books in the last month.

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Guard Air Station at Brooklyn can provide helicopter assistance anywhere in the group in less than forty-five minutes. Assistance could also be obtained from the *Mariposa*, *Redwood*, or the *Yeaton*, a WMEC cutter.

In the summer the group maintains a SAR detachment in New Haven, consisting of either the *Point Knoll* or the *Cape Fairweather* maintaining a constant watch at the New Haven Long Wharf, with a continuous underway period from 1200 Friday to 0800 Monday. The station is relieved every week at 0800 Monday, with the relieved vessel returning to New London for a week of B-2 status. Also in the summer, the group operates a mobile boarding unit, which makes courtesy checks on pleasure craft in the area. This unit makes several thousand checks every summer, issuing warnings, violations, or an examination sticker showing that the boat has passed inspection. Since almost all of the checks are surprise checks, this keeps the local boat owners on the alert.

New London Station, besides providing moorings for the third district, *Mariposa*, *Redwood*, *Yeaton*, and *Owesco* (currently in Viet Nam but due to return early this summer), also has several floating units of its own. The *Cape Fairweather* and *Point Knoll* take care of the larger SAR cases for the group. The *Point White*, another New London boat, is on duty with Squadron One in Viet Nam. The station's boat crew is ready twenty-four hours a day to man one of the two forty-foot utility boats or the thirty-foot utility boat. In the summer the station keeps two boat crews on call at all times. The station's forty-six buoy boat does a large part of the aids to navigation work in the group. Rounding out the group's list of floating units are the forty-footer and the two thirty-footers at Station Fisher's Island.

In the immediate future Group New London will combine with Group Eaton's Neck in a move to facilitate consolidation of SAR work on Long Island Sound. Group Eaton's Neck presently covers the Western area of Long Island Sound. The new operation will be based in New Haven.

New London Station is anticipating sweeping changes in its future also. The station will move from its present site at the Sound Lab to more modern facilities adjacent to the Academy. The WHEC's *Androscogin* and *Sebago* will moor here along with the other vessels using the present station. The only ship which will not make the proposed move is the 125 foot cutter *Yeaton*. The *Yeaton*, commissioned in 1927, will be decommissioned in May of this year, after forty-two years of service. She will be replaced by the new 210 foot cutter *Vigorous*.

Thus, area Coast Guard facilities are modernizing and extending operations to cope with expanding duties and responsibilities. The new moves are expected to provide the Long Island with the best possible service in keeping with the finest traditions of the Coast Guard.



"82' AT REST"



"THE C. G. OFFICER'S OFFICE"
[PHOTOS BY PETTINGILL]

Coast Guard Group

New London

Coast Guard Group New London, located at the Navy Underwater Sound Lab, occupies a characteristic Coast Guard brick building with white trim. As the center of all Coast Guard activities in Eastern Long Island Sound, the group's boundaries extend from New Haven, Connecticut, to Watch Hill, Rhode Island. Its responsibilities include search and rescue, aids to navigation, maritime law enforcement, and Captain of the Port duties in this area.

The group coordinates the operations of Station New London, (which is housed in the same building as the Sound Lab), Fisher's Island, a SAR station in Long Island Sound, seven manned light stations, four unmanned light stations, and over three hundred aids to navigation. The group also maintains the New London Buoy Depot, and operates a mobile boarding unit.

The Group Commander, LCDR Hickey, doubles as Captain of the Port of New London and Captain of the Port of New Haven. The Deputy Group Commander, LCDR Leland, is also the Station Commander. Both the Group and the Station Commanders have an impressive list of collateral duties.



"30-FOOTER DOCKSIDE, NEW LONDON"

Other commissioned personnel in the Group are LT Robertson, who will replace LCDR Leland when he assumes the duties of executive officer aboard the new 210 *Vigorous*, ENS Doherty, the Group's Operations officer; W-4 Bunkley, the station executive officer; and LTJG Sepel, commanding officer of the Cape Fairweather. In talking with some of these officers, one gets the impression that duty in the group is hard work, but is still considered good duty.

Equipped with a large machine shop, electrical shop and boatswain's hold, the station has ample shop facilities. The station's crypto center not only handles the group's traffic, but also handles all classified messages for the Sound Lab.

Search and rescue cases which involve only units from Group New London are controlled by the group, usually by the O.D., CPO, or PO1. Any cases involving other units in the third C.G. district, but not in the group, are handled by the third district Rescue Coordination Center in New York City. Should a particular case require the assistance of units outside the district, or if the case itself is outside the district, then the case is handled by the Eastern Area Commander. The Coast



"LCDR E. J. HICKEY, JR. GROUP C. O."

Mother is Everywhere

By RON SCHLOZE

The spartan atmosphere of the new Chase Hall easily provokes adjectives owing to its staunch militarism, antiseptic cleanliness, and stenciled regularity; and upon closer inspection reveals even its presupposed facility, that of living quarters. What is lacking of course, is *mother*, that undefinable essence that turns any place into a home.

Mother, by her physical absence, imparts a Pierian influence of sorts to the mind of her cadet, in a kind of absentee ballot, assuming the inanimate but very valid shape of a lampshade, a delicate flowing drapery, a quilted bedspread, a potted plant, or perhaps quite some other shape. The necessary absence in a military barracks of items such as these precludes any thoughts about them; they are earnestly missed, and only effectually dismissed as unmanly or sissy imaginings by a very few, and we know who. Which brings us to the crux of the matter.

No military establishment could little note or long endure such ill-provokers of regimentation as these "mother symbols" knick-knacks, trinkets, drapes, and such. This is well noted in the Cadet book of Regulations, (which incidentally is one of the exceptional knick-knacks common to every room and very durable.) But there exists here an unrealized potential for incentive and inspiration. Judiciously dispensed, a few potted plants at a time, "mother" would bring sunshine and cheer, or a little taste of home into the life (or at least the room) of every lucky knave who earned her. Thus it could be a reward for anyone performing with unmitigated zeal at the various sundries of the daily routine, regardless of his class.

Certainly, competition would be fierce, and these reward would accumulate, and at length become universal (a potted



plant in every room), but a standard modicum (the proper plant, if you will) would save the military organization. This specific is crucial to the entire plan, and for that reason, introspective, subjective, and objective reasoning (with some psychology tossed in on the side) has gone into agonizing research of the matter, and the results, while yet new, are presented summarily to you.

Of over one-hundred species of common and not so common flowers studied as being favorable for potting and planting indoors; ninety-nine percent of them by some form of grinding, stomping, or mashing of the leaves, petals or stem parts, caused unacceptable effects on consequent internal consumption. Ninety-nine percent induced in the eater a readily apparent daze, stupor, wild euphoria, or state of temporary intransigentness: feelings, in other words, somewhat akin to the physiological effects of warm root beer.

As a result of even more stringent tests, Rhododendrons and Azaleas were ruled out, as was the Daisy and the Venus Fly-Trap.

The Dandelion alone met all specifications as the perfect choice for a military flower suitable for display in a cadet's room, even though its "mother" quotient is relatively small. The Dandelion is small, practically an insignificant plant, but it will grow in great abundance almost anywhere and with little attention (though it pays attention to attention). It never grows more than three inches high, and it is always yellow, and Dandelions as everyone knows who has heard how the song goes, tell no lies.

Boetig After Dark (Continued from page 23)

that ephemeral spirit, has once again smiled upon the struggling entrepreneurs of the area in the form of hippies, who have stormed into the economic vacuum created by the demise of their predecessors. They can be seen in any of a vast number of coffee shops for about two dollars a head. Many of the establishments do not serve alcoholic beverages which is a sobering thought to consider. Two "beer & nut" places that are often frequented are "Your Father's Mustache" and the "Red Garter". Just outside the Village at 3rd Ave. and 17th is "Joe King's Rathskellar"; shirt and tie, college atmosphere, and the piano player never heard of "Semper Paratus". The well publicized "Electric Circus" at 23rd St. Mark's Place in the Village and the "Cheetah" uptown both offer dancing to a multiple of bands at four dollars per, amidst dry surroundings. In case someone hasn't thrown the Hank's Dairy Bar syndrome, the "Flick" is on 56th around 3rd. Ice cream is the order of the day, served by well endowed girls in "sort of" bathing suits.

The Upper East Side is probably the most popular because of the large number of "off beat hangin' spots" to choose from in a centralized location, that ranges from 66th to 86th and 1st Ave. to Lexington. This is where Joe Namath makes

headlines with the secretaries and stewardesses who inhabit the dating bars. The wisest move is to start a walking jaunt within the limits given and use your instinct from there. There is plenty of good acid rock available for the connoisseur, and it's loud enough to drown out your date's plea for another double Singapore sling. English pub atmosphere seems to be "in" these days with dart boards and warm draught for four bits a mug. Pick your own. For a good time, "Charlie Bates" on 86th at Second deserves special mention.

It would be erroneous to conclude that all things happen in Manhattan. The other four boroughs, as well as Long Island, have many fine establishments, however a car and a slight knowledge of the area is a prerequisite. For a sporting evening, Shea and Yankee stadiums are easily reached by public transportation, and the new Madison Square Garden is located right over Penn Station.

One can find a great deal to complain about in New York and many people make it a daily ritual. I will admit that it isn't as exciting as Home Town, U.S.A., or the movie on base, but it is different.

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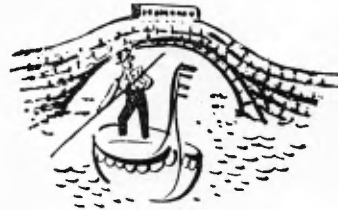
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